

uninfluenced and unbiased by interested parties, or any other consideration whatever? When Mr. Purvis says, "If Justice had been done, Ohio with her sheep carrying a dense long, white, and stylish fleece, ewes weighing from 19 to 24 lbs., (pretty good weights for some of these yearling ewes) would have gone ahead of the wrinkly short-wooled, jarry fleeced animals that were given the honors." He not only admits but charges that I gave the premiums to what I term the American Merino type. Was this in accordance with my judgment and conviction? Have I record upon this point? Let us see: Mr. Purvis is not only a writer for our stock papers, but must be a reader also, and I refer not only him but all who

(Continued on eighth page.)

The Horse.

THE POOL-BOX.

We note with pleasure the strong efforts now being made by many who are interested in bringing about a reform of the methods under which contests for speed now take place. It is becoming more apparent every day "reform is necessary" if the general public are to be relied upon to support and patronize such contests. The pool-box is to-day the most important factor in determining the speed of horses, or which shall be winners. Its demoralizing influence is felt on every track, and so potent is its power that owners, drivers and associations are more or less under its control. We regard the pool-box as an abomination that should be suppressed on all tracks. We know it is urged that to do so would put an end to speed contests. But would not the only result be to have a majority of those who make a business of working the pool-box so as to fleece the public forsake the track? Those honestly interested in trials of speed and endurance, and who now keep away from them because they have developed into mere swindling schemes whereby outsiders are fleeced, would have no reason to longer absent themselves, and what would be lost in one way would be more than gained in another. But to do this the whole system of managing race meetings would have to be changed. It is too often the case that the officials charged with the management of an association are interested parties, and more likely to work to benefit their own pockets than to see that such contests are conducted in a fair and impartial manner. It is a recognized fact that in a trotting race a green horse and a green driver, no matter how fast the one or skillful the other, have little or no chance of winning. The drivers form one ring, the owners another, and those who run the pool-box another. It looks as if these parties would necessarily come into conflict, but the fact is they generally unite to skin the public. If you own a horse and attempt to run him on his merits, it is only a question of time when he meets with an accident, or your driver is out, or gets "pocketed" and his sulky smashed. The race track is infested by a lot of soundboreds who would not scruple a moment to poison a horse or cripple a driver if necessary to carry out their schemes. And it is the pool-box that furnishes the incentive for these soundbored practices. There can be no reform worthy of the name in trotting until the pool-box with its disreputable and demoralizing accessories is completely eliminated.

One of the "Noblest Works."

The Chicago Horseman tells the following good one about J. I. Case, the owner of Phyllis. It shows how "uncertain" a thing it is to bet on a race where one of his horses is:

A sentimental story about Mr. J. I. Case is going the rounds of the press. It is something about his kissing his wife whenever he wins a horse-race. It is all very beautiful and touching. Over in Michigan there is an old sport who is telling pools at one of the country race tracks last year when Mr. Case put in his appearance. "How does it happen," asked Goodspeed, "that you are buying pools against your own horse?" "To tell the truth," replied Case, "he is in bad form and I don't believe we will put him through for all there is in him." "So, so," said Goodspeed, softly, "then I'll be prepared." Accordingly he put about \$400 in the pools against Case's horse. But just before the horses were called up, Goodspeed noticed that one of Case's henchmen was buying very heavily on Case's horse. This struck Goodspeed as being significant move and he posted off to find Case. "Look here," said he to Case, "if there's going to be any fine work I want to know it, for I've put about \$400 into the box against your horse. You told me the horse wouldn't win—yet now I find your man betting your money on the horse; what is the meaning of all this racket?" Mr. Case hemmed and hawed a good deal. "Well, you see," said he, "that I didn't intend to let the horse out for all he was worth to-day, but my wife seems determined he shall win. She's up in the grand stand crying and taking on so that I've made up my mind to win the race if I can." Goodspeed hurried back to the pool-room and hedged and squared himself as best he could—so that he lost very little on the race, but it was a dreadfully narrow escape. When Phyllis and Mary Cobb met at Cleveland a fortnight ago, Goodspeed came across Case and asked him if Phyllis would trot to win. "Of course," said Case, "this race is for blood." "Well," said Goodspeed, "I'll step around to the pool-room and put up all my money on your judgment, if you'll promise not to go near your wife till the race is over!"

Is There Anything in Color?

It is an old saying that "a good horse is of any color," and many horsemen are yet of that opinion. Still the exertions made by breeders to obtain some particular color they fancy, or which is regarded as characteristic of the breed, shows that many of them at least favor some color. Dr. Wm. Horne, an eastern veterinary surgeon, thinks color should be the first guide in choosing a horse. He says that among the true bays, dark browns and chestnuts are the most desirable qualities. They are less liable to disease and are the most perfect tempered. Rarely are they vicious, action and speed, and with generally a beautiful conformation. Among the blacks are faulty eyes and feet; among the greys, warts and tumors; among the light greys are the subjects of melanosis, an incurable disease that attacks no other color. Among the so-called sorrels are nine-tenths of all the unpleasant qualities much feared and objected to in choosing a horse, especially when a family horse is desired. He would not buy a light chestnut horse called a sorrel, except upon good proof of an exception to the rule in

his favor. He would always buy one of the three colors named above, above all a dark chestnut."

Horse Gossip.

MASON, Michigan, held a fairly attended race meeting last week.

KITT TEMPLE, a daughter of the old queen of the turf Flora Temple, dropped a colt on June 26th to Stranger, by Gen. Washington.

The price of good horses keeps up well, no matter whether other things are high or low. James Murphy, of Lexington, Ky., has sold to R. Porter Ashe, of California, the bay filly Blinette, four years old, for \$5,000.

PAROLE, the veteran race horse, has been turned out for life. He was born in 1873, and began running as a two-year old in 1875. Since then he has started in 136 races, won 59 of them, has won 22, and 13 times. His total winnings were \$32,184.25.

THE promising trotter Wilson, owned by Z. E. Simmons, record 2:16 1/4, has been retired for the season. While on the Michigan Circuit he rolled on a broken bottle in his stall and cut his side severely. Some think he will be permanently disabled, as some of the muscles were severed.

THE match between Phyllis and Majolica was trotted on the track of the New York Driving Club on Friday. About 5,000 people were in attendance. It was an easy victory for Phyllis, who won as he liked in three straight heats. Time, 2:16, 5:18 1/2, 8:36 1/2. Majolica could not even hurry him.

THE importation of Cleveland Bay horses is increasing very rapidly. A good many of them should be regarded with suspicion, as their breeding cannot be established. The breed was neglected so long that it is extremely difficult to get them purely bred. But you can trust a Yorkshireman to get up any kind of a horse wanted on short notice.

It is stated that the trotting horses Phyllis and Harry Wilkes will be matched for three races, to take place during the grand circuit meeting which begins at Cleveland this week. But such a match as this would be of no interest, as it is doubtful if Wilkes could do as better than Maxey Cobb. If such a match is made it will only be a hippodrome affair.

It has been suggested that a grand championship race should take place at Sheepshead Bay this fall for the best three-year old of the year. Those named as fit to take part in such a contest are Wanda, Joe Cotton, Tyrant, Gonano, Bersan, Volante, Pardee, Alta, and some others. The proposition is to make it a sweepstakes of \$1,000 each, the association to add \$5,000, one mile and a half, 115 pounds up.

It is a curious fact that not one of the fine starters in the Claytates, trotted for at the recent Albany, N. Y., meeting, had any Clay blood in them. The winner, Epaulette, was by Auditor, a son of Rydyk's Hambletonian; the second horse, Merry Thought, by another son, Happy Medium; the third, Eva, by another son, George Wilkes; and the fifth, Duroc Maid, by still another, Messenger Duroc. The winner of the fourth position, De Barry, is by Nil Desperandum, a grandson of Rydyk's Hambletonian, and his dam is by Happy Medium, a son of the same horse. The Clays are a great family—if they have plenty of good blood in them from other trotting families.

Humane Societies recommend the Box Collar Pad

The Farm.

The "New Agriculture."

Several members of the Elmira Farmers' Club visited the farm of Hon. A. N. Cole, in Allegany Co., N. Y., the first of the month, to inspect his system of farming, which Mr. Cole has named "The New Agriculture." Mr. Cole has two acres under cultivation by this new system, which are principally occupied by strawberries. The natural conditions are a sidehill, with a hardpan underpinning to the soil. If these natural conditions do not exist, they must in some manner, or to some extent, be produced. The system involves the expenditure of considerable money and labor, about \$500 per acre fitted for use, so much, indeed, that it cannot be expected to be universally, or indeed very generally adopted.

Mr. Hoffman, of the Club, was one of the visitors, and in the *Husbandman* thus describes the method of procedure:

"I found the situation a slope on the eastern face of a ridge, ascending, I judge, four feet in the first hundred. Along this slope trenches were cut on a horizontal line or course, deviating from a straight line when necessary to suit the inequalities of surface, the bottom of the trench having a horizontal run along the face of the slope. The first trench, the pattern after which all other trenches are constructed, is four feet deep and two feet wide, filled with stones to within fifteen inches of the surface, then covered with flat stones and refuse stuff, grass, weeds, anything to serve as a sort of filter holding the soil placed above to the natural line of the surface, leaving water to drop into the trench and be held for the uses designed. The filling I was in formed was first by round or shapeless stones gathered from the field, leaving interstices that serve in their aggregate as a receptacle for whatever water may find entrance, principally from rain and melting snows and any springs that may be tapped. It will be seen that the stone filling serves, as the principal purpose, to support the superincumbent earth, and the flat stones placed on the top as a kind of cover to prevent the loose soil from dropping into the receptacle below. The horizontal ditches are constructed at suitable distances along the slope, the series intended to hold all surplus of rains so that none flows over the surface. Between these horizontal trenches there are sub-trenches, leading from one of the main excavations to another. These cross-ditches have less depth but otherwise are constructed in the same manner as the main trenches, their purpose to convey surplus of water from an upper to a lower trench, and so equalize the supply. They are filled in the same manner and covered with fifteen inches of earth. The soil is what I may call clay-loam, with stones intermixed, but no appearance of sand, the close, compact subsoil not easily penetrated, referring to condition before

treatment, and of this I had fair opportunity to observe in the adjoining land not yet brought under the new system, also in an excavation in progress where workmen had to strike heavy blows with their picks to penetrate the hard clay. The land treated by Mr. Cole was originally part of a considerable tract that was regarded as extremely poor, and my observations led me to conclude that the estimate was just. The most striking effect of the treatment, as it seemed to me, was entire change of character, particularly mechanical condition, due, in large part, no doubt, to the very thorough manipulation, for it is not comprised in the trenching alone. The entire area is dug up to the depth of fifteen inches, and all stones of any considerable size, even down to an inch in diameter, removed, thus changing mechanical conditions to such a degree that one is impressed with the great difference between the land treated and that immediately adjoining. You step upon the trenched land anywhere and you find the soil yields to pressure of the feet, not a spot where it is not soft and yielding; but on the land adjoining it is hard and the foot makes no impression whatever. Another change is in color. That hard, forbidding clay has taken the appearance of muck, or, at least, the color of muck and loam intermixed. Its texture is aptly described by Mr. Cole, who calls it an earth sponge.

"We are called to examine strawberries from plants set, and we were informed, last October, and I am free to say that the plot was a very interesting object, inviting study. There was a full crop of most remarkable berries—remarkable in size, color and quality. I can not undertake to estimate the yield, but it was certainly very large. I called Mr. McCann's attention to one plant of older setting that had ripe berries and others in the various stages of growth, enough, I thought, to fill my hat if they could be picked at one time. One peculiarity of these berries was the absence of what may be termed a core, or hard stem in the middle, they were juicy and tender all the way through. As to the foliage, I can only say that I never saw anything like it. I measured a leaf that was five and one-half inches across, and I plucked a broader one, with Mr. Cole's consent, and brought it home.

"I must say that the change wrought in the soil and its products constituted a great surprise.

"As to the soil, I could judge by comparison with land that must have been originally of the same character. It now lies hard and compact adjoining the renovated earth, that under Mr. Cole's treatment has certainly become very fertile, whether with manure in abundant supply, or not, I am not prepared to say. The soil under treatment has the appearance of being thoroughly enriched with manure; then there is the water supply for the roots to reach and use, obviating drought apparently; and besides, there is entire freedom from washing. Heavy showers had fallen in the week before our arrival, but there was not the slightest appearance of washing, and Mr. Cole informed us that all danger from this cause was obviated; a statement which I can accept as true, for he has provided reservoirs into which all surplus of water must pass, and if there is too much the overflow runs from one to another reservoir. Besides all this the earth worked to fine fifth inches deep serves as a sponge to take in a great deal of moisture and retain it for the uses of plants. Ten days before our visit there was a rainfall of three inches, as reported, and no appearance of washing."

Swine Feeding in Denmark.

Censul Ryder, of Copenhagen, sends home some interesting items concerning swine feeding in Denmark. In addition to the mother's milk, which is found insufficient for the rapidly-growing young, barley is given, in the first instance, barley in its whole state, which also assists in bringing forward the teeth grinders. It is generally the custom to allow the young pigs to suckle for the space of six weeks, and then to wean them by degrees.

A strong, healthy pig may be taken from the mother at the age of five weeks, while the weaker ones are permitted to suckle until the seventh week. By this means the latter may often be made to come up to the first-named. For the weaned pigs sweet cow's milk is found the most suitable food. Abundant feeding is always necessary, and in fact a saving, while a scanty feeding may be regarded in the light of waste. The sweet milk by degrees can be replaced by skimmed milk. During the first months, buttermilk or soured cream can easily cause diarrhea. When this makes its appearance, the troughs should at once be cleaned with soda lye. In all cases where there are old and completely saturated with the sour matter, they should be replaced by new ones.

The young pigs feed willingly on ground barley and steamed potatoes, but this description of food is not well adapted for rapidly-growing animals. It will be found more advantageous to give them a mixture of rye, bran, coarse ground oats and skimmed milk, to which may be added a small quantity of prepared bone dust.

The breeding and fattening of swine is essentially favored on the dairy farms. The larger hogs can, on the other hand, for a time be allowed to seek their food in the woods or in the grass fields. In the fattening of the young pigs, buttermilk and other dairy leavings afford an important item of food. Pans and barley are depended upon for the needful quantity of nitrogen in the food, but they should always be given in a coarse ground state. Indian corn, when coarsely ground and steeped, forms a very easily digested food. Bran has not proved itself to be as good food for swine as might be expected. Bone dust is fed at the rate of one-half pound for every hundred pounds of live weight. Towards the close of the fattening period, a somewhat larger quantity is given, though it is never considered advisable to give above one pound to a pig of 150 pounds weight.

Swine in Denmark are generally fed four times in the course of the day, name-

ly, at four o'clock in the morning, at ten, then at three in the afternoon and at seven in the evening. When they are fed but three times in the day, the amount of food given at each meal is apt to be too large. Between feeding hours the animals should be allowed complete rest. The cleaning of the sty should be attended to every morning, and thereafter the swine should be supplied with an ample amount of straw litter.

Intensive Farming Illustrated.

In the spring of '75 arrived an intelligent immigrant from Germany, and when I hired him for a year at \$17 a month he could not speak a word of English and had not \$5 in money. He saved \$160 of his wages that year and the next spring rented five acres of old nursery land, went to gardening, and for a year boarded himself. The next year he bought the place for \$1,400, making a payment and giving a mortgage for security. He married the same year and fitted up the old grating house into a comfortable dwelling. He has since built an addition to the house and put up a good stable, these improvements costing him \$400. He has a horse and wagon worth \$300, a large amount of glass for hotbeds, a good equipment of garden tools and his house is well furnished, and he tells me he expects to be able to meet the last payment on his land when it comes due this fall, and that his sales average \$1,000 a year from his five-acre farm.

Now I am aware that the number of those who can follow this system of farming is limited, as it requires convenience to manure, and a market that will take the products of the garden, but at the same time there is a good lesson for all farmers in the example of this gardener. Thousands of farmers pay taxes on four times as much capital as this man, and plow forty or fifty acres each year, who do not sell so much as he does. One of the most successful farmers of my acquaintance began with 100 acres and after a few years concluded he had too much to farm profitably and sold half, and since doing so has realized a much greater profit than before. On the other hand I know many farmers who are land poor. They are not satisfied with one farm but must run two or three, and hired help, taxes, wear and tear of tools, and the waste incident to such a method of doing business, eats up all the profits, and they have all the care and worry for nothing. Many farmers should at once put four-fifths of their land in grass and concentrate the manure and labor on the other fifth, and they would at once begin to thrive.

The growing of average crops as reported in the census—12 bushels of wheat and 33 of corn to the acre—will keep a farmer out of the poorhouse, but if he will double or triple these yields he will find farming profitable. It is a fact not usually taken into consideration that the man who grows the first named yields is almost invariably running down his land, while the one growing the larger yields is improving his land. This is a good illustration of the Scripture, which says: "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away that which he seemeth to have." The most prosperous and least worried farmers I am acquainted with are those who are working small farms and do it thoroughly. The man with 100 or 150 acres who adopts this plan has a great advantage because he can keep stock to make most of the manure he needs, while with a small farm he must buy his fertilizers.

I have for some years kept a careful account with a part of my crops, charging interest on capital invested, labor, seed and manure to the field and crediting it with the grain produced, and it has been interesting to notice how the price per bushel has decreased as the yield per acre has gone up. With a yield of twelve bushels of wheat per acre the cost per bushel will usually exceed \$1, while with a yield of thirty bushels to the acre I have grown wheat at 40 cents per bushel. If one farmer plants thirty acres of corn to grow 1,000 bushels and his neighbor gets the same yield from fifteen acres, not only does the latter raise his corn at a much less price per bushel, but on the remaining fifteen acres he can be growing clover when fed to cattle furnishes manure for his land, and this same clover is sending its taproots down into the subsoil and bringing up fertilizing material which the plow cannot reach and leaving it in a place and form which will enable the succeeding crops to appropriate it.

I doubt if there is any more profitable subject for a farmer to study than the possibilities of an acre, and I feel confident that any farmer who will set apart each year one or two acres to experiment upon to see how largely he can increase the crop will be sure to become a better farmer by so doing. The farmer referred to above who is so successfully managing fifty acres, adopted as his rule: "I will do everything as well as I know how or can learn how." I happen to know that his large and profitable crops have been grown by the most thorough preparation of the soil—his specialty is potatoes—and he usually expends more labor on his land before planting than the ordinary farmer does during the entire season. In my own experience, I have often done more harrowing and rolling on one acre in preparing the land for wheat than is usually done on three, and have been doubly paid for the greatest hindrance to thoroughness in farming and cause of unprofitable crops is attempting too much.—*Valdo F. Brown, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Sawdust and Potatoes.

How easy it is to make statements and start them on their way through the newspapers! Plans for planting and cultivating, which are to prove of great benefit, are often brought to my notice only to be condemned, after trial. I have seen the statement a number of times that if sawdust was applied in the potato hill and the seed potatoes laid upon it and then covered with soil, it would considerably increase the yield. Trial was said to have proved this of value.

My experience has shown me that instead of being of the least value, it is an actual loss. I planted two rows, one of Brownell's Beauty and one of Early Rose,

cutting one pound of potatoes to single eyes, dropping two eyes in each hill. The hills were eighteen inches apart, and I applied half a gallon of good, fine sawdust, after running the furrow. This was put in each hill, and the seed deposited on it and carefully covered with soil. At the same time I set out four rows, which I manured as follows:—One with ashes, one with night soil, one with a manufactured fertilizer, and one with stable manure. All rows were of same varieties so that there could be no difference in the seed or soil. They were planted all on the same day and my idea was to give each row a fair chance. Of the potatoes planted in sawdust hardly fifty per cent. came up, and investigation showed that much of the seed had rotted in the ground. In the other four rows nearly every eye sprouted, and at this day they are making a splendid growth. As there were two kinds of seed, and so many different plantings side by side there can be little doubt that the sawdust caused the rot. What the outcome will be this season has yet to show, but it will take an extraordinary yield on the hills which lived to make up an average equal to the other rows. Indications are that it will fall far behind.—*N. J. Shepherd, in Farm and Garden.*

Agricultural Items.

T. B. CURTIS, the well known New York dairyman, thinks the Cooley creamer is the cheapest and best. He would use a box churn and stop churning when the globules of butter are the size of kernels of wheat.

The farming world seems to have almost entirely lost sight of the fact that when a clover crop perfects its seed its mission is fulfilled, and it dies. What, then, is the use of letting it stand over another year, in order to harvest a crop of weeds with a little clover.

A cow is like a piece of machinery; it takes a certain amount of power to run it. All over that is profit. On the average, a good cow will make from 300 to 350 pounds of butter if she is properly cared for. If she has all the good time hay or corn fodder she will eat, good pure water, and 15 pounds of ground feed per day, she will pay a handsome profit to her owner, provided her milk is fit for first class butter. If she will not do this, send her to the butcher.

A NEW YORK correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says: "The many dangers through which the barley crop has to pass before a bright heavy grain can be marketed, make farmers discouraged. Unless the price is better the coming fall, we may expect a material decrease in acreage. Judging from the activity of the trade in beer, there should be an increasing demand for barley, yet not so much is grown as 15 years ago, when the average price was generally \$1 per bushel."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Rural New Yorker* speaking of the sheep business in Kansas, says men who have made 75 per cent from their flocks, are now grumbling and kicking down the business they have built up, because of the idea that sheep are not profitable. It is a sad fact that the sheep business is marked by periodical panics and eras of utter foolishness, which are unknown in any other business whatever. Man slowly builds up, like a boy with his house of cards, and then, still like the child, because one card does not fit, he slaps over the whole thing and goes into a fit of the sulks.

The New York Herald says no forage plant receives less care than the common white clover. It is seldom sown, and wherever it has once grown seedling is not needed. Yet it is not a weed, only appearing on land that would otherwise be bare from failure of other clovers and grasses. Although its small size precludes it from being cut for winter use, it springs up so quickly when cropped that rich land will produce a great amount of food per acre. No plant is better adapted to the dairyman's use in producing milk and butter. In the best dairy regions fields are kept seeded with white clover for cows to pasture.

ONE of the surest signs of improved farming is the general tendency to sow many kinds of grass instead of only the traditional clover and timothy. The best way to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before is to sow greater variety. By this method the land is more fully occupied, each kind finding the soil and conditions best adapted to its use. For sowing alone probably clover and timothy are better adapted to most soils than any of the sorts that have lately come into prominence. When orchard grass is sown alone it is apt to grow in bunches, and the vacant spaces between them, unless seeded with clover or grasses, will be occupied by weeds.—*N. Y. Herald.*

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1877

Poetry.

THE DEAD MOTHER.

Out by the walls of a Danish town
The graves stood cold as the night came down.
The angels pray for long been said,
And the bell tolled out the psalm for the dead;
It swung for awhile from the darkening steeples,
"Out of the depths," said priest and people.
Through all the close-set town and towers
The doors were shut for the silent hours.
But a mother, buried for half a year,
Wept with a crying in her ear.
She rose with the vague sleep still in her head,
And clad in the shroud that wraps the dead.
She left the cold graves under the walls,
And took the street to her husband's halls.
She felt her long-dead bosom ache,
For her seven children were all awake;
And none had broken them bread that night,
Or poured them beer, or trimmed a light;
And none had laid them pillow or sheet;
The dust of the day was on their feet.
Two strove for an empty cup, and one
Was crying—that was her youngest son.
She washed and kissed them, and hushed their
cries;
While tears pressed out of her long-dead eyes.
But their father, who lay on a lower floor,
Had heard her step in the corridor.
She said: "The crying smote my heart.
It broke my dreams of death apart."
"I was left to leave these seven. I died,
But when I slept when the child has cried!
"Take note, I see to my many dead:
Your children weep and had no bread;
"No fire, no lamp; two were at strife;
One cried uncomfited. Tell your wife."

CAT'S SONG.

"Cats, have you quite forgotten
How you used among the cotton
To sing some pleasant strain?"
"Laws, miss, I can sing again."
And the clear voice clearer rang,
As he swung his hoe and sang:
"If you want de purest water,
Just go up de mountain side;
Wash de ribber stain in his running
Down to catch de great sea tide.
"If you want de reddest roses,
You will find dem nodding high,
Wash dem catch de blessed dew-drops,
Wash dem see de morning sky.
"Would you eat dem sweetest peaches,
Juicy, red, or yellow bright,
Den you hab to climb up fur dem
Ward grow right in de light.
"If you seek true friend or lover,
Upward, too, de road you take;
Hearts should never travel downward,
Else day might 'rye to break.
"If you look far fame or glory,
You must climb up with a will;
For 'tis just de same old story—
Up, and up, and upward still.
We am born down in de valley,
But if heart and feet don't tire,
We can still be going upward,
Upward, higher, higher, higher.
"Higher! higher! higher! higher!"
And at every cotton hill
Well and swift he did his hoeing;
Singing louder, clearer still,
Till I heard the echoes ringing
In my spirit brave and strong,
Till I homeward turned me singing,
Singing over Cat's song.

—Harper's Weekly.

Miscellaneous.

QUEER STORY.

An Absconding Bankrupt.

Dr. Clarence Jones was an enterprising young gentleman who meant to succeed in his profession. He was not clever in the sense of being well-read, and, in fact, he had only just managed to scrape through the qualifying examinations. But he did not aspire to scientific distinction, and took no higher view of his calling than to regard it as a means by which he might make a fortune. He considered that he would only be wasting valuable time by seeking a hospital appointment for the sake of gaining experience. Instead, therefore, of going through the routine of a young doctor's early career, he took the bold step of renting the ground-floor in a large house in a fashionable quarter, and setting up immediately as a consulting physician. He was shrewd enough to perceive that he was best qualified to succeed in that branch of practice, being at heart a mere charlatan. He had acquired the art of making a great show of a smattering of knowledge; he had carefully cultivated a bland and impressive manner, and he thoroughly realized that the great secret of amassing wealth is to be utterly unscrupulous in the matter of fees, and never to release a patient while he can be imposed upon by humbug. As though to aid his ambitious designs, nature had endowed him with a good presence, a high and shining forehead, which was enhanced by premature baldness, and a soft, melodious voice.

He found it uphill work at first, of course; but he had no real cause for dissatisfaction. He went as much as possible into society, and made useful friends. He was always particularly careful to be polite and attentive to the wives and daughters of physicians in good practice. In fact, he showed his sagacity by assiduously courting the suffrages of lady acquaintances. The consequence was that patients soon made their appearance, while neighboring doctors, owing to domestic infidelity, found many opportunities of putting stray guineas into his pocket. In a very short time he contrived to gain the reputation of having established a practice, and soon came to be regarded as a rising man.

Dr. Clarence Jones did not hide his light under a bushel, but was rather addicted to boasting of his success. Some of his professional brethren smiled at this, knowing from experience how slow and laborious is the work of making a remunerative practice. But the wisdom of his tactics was proved by the fact that even these sceptics had no suspicion of the real condition of affairs. The truth was, that at the end of three years Dr. Jones found himself hopelessly in debt, his professional earnings

having fallen far short every year of his modest requirements. His practice was increasing to be sure, and in all human probability the time was not far distant when it would yield him a decent income; but meanwhile, just as it was more than ever necessary to keep up appearances, bankruptcy and ruin stared him in the face. He had spent his small capital, creditors were pressing, and he was literally reduced to providing his daily wants by surreptitiously pawning his personal effects.

In such circumstances an elastic conscience is often a useful ally. Young Dr. Jones, having no scruples whatever on the subject of his liabilities, was enabled to devote all his energies to the difficult task of evading them. He was quite unmoved by his tailor's pathetic appeals, while he succeeded by sound argument in convincing that long-suffering individual that his only chance of getting paid was to wait. But his powers of reasoning and persuasion, though efficacious in some cases, often proved unavailing, so that the air became darkened with writs and legal processes. The poor young man was thus fairly driven to his wife's end, and saw no alternative but to make known his embarrassments, and thereby jeopardize the success which had almost seemed to be within his grasp.

One morning Dr. Jones was gloomily seated in his consulting-room, waiting for patients, when there came a knock at the door, and a little, shabbily-dressed, bright-eyed, elderly man was presently ushered in. Dr. Jones greeted his visitor with mingled feelings, being disappointed of a patient, yet relieved to find he was not a sheriff's officer.

"How are you, Mr. Graves?" he said, instinctively adopting the condescending tone of a physician towards a general practitioner. "What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, thanks," said the little man, briskly; "but you can do yourself a turn, if you are so disposed."

"What do you mean?" inquired Dr. Jones, a trifle taken back.

"Balmeyre has asked me to go up to Highbury to give a certificate of insanity, and, as he suggested that you might also be willing to take the job, I called to carry you along with me," returned Dr. Graves, putting his hands under his coat-tails, and warming himself before the fire.

"Well, I am always glad to oblige Dr. Balmeyre," said Dr. Jones, with importunate, but avoiding his companion's twinkling eyes. "I expect half-a-dozen people here, and just the busiest time of the day, too," he added, glancing at his watch.

"They haven't come yet, and as the weather is bad, I darsay they'll put it off till tomorrow," said little Mr. Graves, with a quiet smile.

"Where did you say the place was?" inquired Dr. Jones, a trifle taken back.

"Highbury! That is a long way off," said Dr. Jones, endeavoring to look quite unmoved.

"We shall be back in less than an hour. My carriage is at the door," returned Mr. Graves a little impatiently.

"Well, as I have said, I should be sorry to disoblige Balmeyre; and as for my patients, if they don't keep their time, they must wait," said Dr. Jones, opening the door to his visitor, and signifying that he would accompany him.

He felt relieved to escape the quiet and penetrating gaze of little Mr. Graves, for he was painfully conscious that his attempted air of superiority had been a failure. Of course, he was only too glad of the opportunity of earning a couple of guineas on a dull morning, but it was contrary to his creed to allow any one to suspect it. Above all, he considered it essential to his dignity as a physician to appear a trifle condescending to a general practitioner; and he honestly felt a tinge of contempt for little Mr. Graves. He might be clever enough—and, indeed, he was really a worthy disciple of the healing art. But what, he said, was to be thought of a man, who, wantonly neglecting opportunities of amassing wealth and obtaining celebrity, went about in thick shoes and a shocking hat, visiting all the lowest and poorest parts of the district?

Little Mr. Graves showed he was a good fellow by not taking umbrage at the young man's impertinence and self-importance, and Dr. Jones insensibly began to adopt a more genial tone and manner during the drive. Their destination proved to be a small house in an unpretentious street near Highbury Station, and the formalities of the business on hand were quickly despatched. The patient was a middle-aged man, whose behavior and conversation seemed to fully testify to aberration of his intellect. Dr. Jones signed the certificate with a clear conscience, mentally contrasting the present case with others he had certified to for Dr. Balmeyre when Mr. Graves had not been his companion.

When they took their seats in the carriage again to drive back, Dr. Jones glanced at the house they were leaving and said:

"I wonder who the patient is?"

"William Roberts," said Mr. Graves, in his matter-of-fact way.

"Yes, I know his name. But how the deuce can people in that position afford to pay Balmeyre's terms? His asylum is one of the most expensive there is."

"Ah! that has struck you also, has it?" said Mr. Graves, meaningly.

"Well, it's odd, isn't it? However, I suppose his relatives will starve themselves to pay for him."

"Did anything else strike you?" inquired Mr. Graves.

"No. What do you mean?" said Dr. Jones, innocently.

"Have you any doubt of his being mad?"

"Good gracious, no! Have you?" demanded Dr. Jones, in amazement.

"I signed the certificate. I suppose it is all right. But when I reflect I feel a little uneasy," said Mr. Graves, seriously.

"I never saw a clearer case in my life," cried Dr. Jones, sleeping his knees emphatically. "I would stake my reputation that he is as mad as a March hare."

"Ahem!" coughed Mr. Graves, gravely.

"Look at his manner!"

"Yes, his manner was eccentric enough."

"And his conversation. The man is a gibbering lunatic. You heard his answer

when, on his saying he was the Emperor of Russia, I jokingly reminded him that a minute before he had claimed to be the Grand Lama of Tibet. 'True,' he said, 'but that was by my first wife.'

"Yes," returned Mr. Graves, pensively rubbing his nose; "I'm not sure I haven't heard that joke before."

"Why, really, my dear sir," cried Dr. Jones, getting quite hot and angry, "what is it you suspect? I have not a shadow of hesitation that it is a clear case. At all events we shall hear what Balmeyre says."

Mr. Graves smiled at this, but he only answered:

"Well, there was no coercion. If the man is less mad than he appears to be, he has only himself to thank."

With this remark the little man abruptly changed the conversation; but he had not succeeded, even when he set his colleague down at his own door, in completely restoring that gentleman's equanimity. However, Dr. Jones did not continue to marvel at Mr. Graves' extraordinary obtuseness, for the disagreeable discovery that in his absence a sheriff's officer had been placed in possession of his apartments, effectually drove all other thoughts from his mind. As was quite natural, he was considerably startled and upset, and, for a time, he lost his habitual fortitude and self-possession. The bailiff seemed a decent sort of a man, and he was decidedly disposed to be sympathetic. Dr. Jones could not refrain, in the bitterness of his spirit, from inveighing against his evil fortune.

"Well, sir, it do seem 'ard, don't it? But, arter all, sir, wot is it? If you was as used to it as I am, you wouldn't think nothink about it."

"But you are earning your living, remember. Meanwhile, how the deuce am I to earn mine with you about the place?"

"It's a small matter, sir, and will be easily arranged, no doubt. Bring your friends to see me a settin' ere. That always fetches 'em. Meanwhile, Lord bless you, sir, don't mind me, I won't interfere with your patients. For that matter, if you'll lend me a suit of decent togs, I'll show 'em in and out as grave as a judge."

"I shouldn't mind so much if I owed twenty shillings, instead of a paltry hundred or two," growled the unfortunate doctor between his teeth.

"That's allus the way, sir," said the man, shaking his head. "It's the small fish as gets caught in the net; the big 'uns break through 'em. Why, look at this 'ere," he added, bringing forth a document from his pocket, and unfolding it clumsily, "ere's a case in point. An absconding bankrupt got clean away with a 'undred thousand pounds! Just think o' that, and a-livin' like a fightin' cock in America!"

Dr. Jones mechanically took the paper which the man handed to him. It was an official hand-bill, issued by the police, containing the description of a certain Anstruther Meadows, a quondam city speculator of considerable notoriety, who had absconded with a considerable quantity of plunder, after ruthlessly robbing his customers and friends. Dr. Jones had heard of the man, and, indeed, his name had recently been on everybody's lips. The hand-bill was headed with an offer of a reward of £500 for his apprehension, and a full and detailed description was given of his personal appearance. Dr. Jones glanced through this abstractedly, and then his eye lighted upon a rough wood-cut purporting to be a likeness of the defaulter, which appeared in the margin. After a moment's scrutiny, the young man sprang from his seat with an involuntary exclamation.

"Do you know him, sir?" inquired the bailiff, quickly.

"Know him! No. How the deuce should I?" said Dr. Jones, controlling himself.

"I was 'oping for your sake, you could lay your finger on him, for there's a nice little reward offered," returned the man.

"Five hundred!" said Dr. Jones, rather contemptuously, as he glanced at the document.

"Aye, a tidy sum, ain't it, sir?" said the man. "But, Lord bless yer, it's all summat—all a blind. He's been long ago, a-livin' in America, as I said just now."

"Well, wherever he is, he has got a fortune with him," said Dr. Jones, handing back the document with an animated expression. "Make yourself at home, my man," he added; "order what you want. As you say, I dare say, this little matter of mine will soon be arranged."

He hurried away as he spoke, and entered his consulting room, where, after locking the door, he commenced to stride about in a strangely excited manner. After awhile, happening to catch sight of his flushed face as he passed the looking glass, he paused, and gravely addressed himself:

"Come, Clarence Jones, steady yourself. This looks like a stroke of luck. It may even be the foundation of your fortune. You may be mistaken. In any case you need a cool head to play your cards properly."

This soliloquy had a soothing effect, for he seated himself in the patient's arm chair and deliberately knitted his brows to think. The result of his deliberations was that he started off with composure to his club, and spent some hours in going through the newspaper files of the past month or two. He met a city acquaintance, of whom he made particular inquiries concerning Mr. Anstruther Meadows. Altogether, he evidently considered that he had passed a profitable evening, for upon his return, he saluted the man in possession with a friendly slap on the back, and promised him a five-pound note for himself if his hopes as to paying him on the next day were realized.

When he arose the next morning, Dr. Jones wrote a little note to Dr. Balmeyre, stating that he had a great desire to pay a visit to the asylum; and, adding that, having been summoned to attend a consultation in the neighborhood of the institution, he should be glad of an authority to inspect it. He sent the letter round by a servant, who, in reply, brought back one of Dr. Balmeyre's cards with a few words in the great man's handwriting scrawled on the back of it. An hour later Dr. Jones presented himself at the door of Dr. Balmeyre's celebrated establishment.

He was civilly received by the medical

gentleman in charge, by whom he was conducted over the spacious, gloomy building. Of course, he expressed himself highly gratified and deeply interested in all he saw, though in truth his mind was entirely preoccupied with other matters. At length as they were strolling through the grounds, he said, carelessly:

"By the way, I signed a certificate yesterday for Dr. Balmeyre. Has the patient arrived?"

"What name? Do you recollect?"

"Roberts, I think."

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "He came in yesterday evening. Would you like to see him?"

"Yes, I think I should," said Dr. Jones carelessly. "His case rather interested me. Don't trouble to come if you are busy. He is quiet enough."

"Yes, he is quiet enough, so perhaps you will excuse my running away from you. I must go my rounds. Hi, Edwards!" to an attendant, "take this gentleman, Dr. Jones, to see William Roberts, No. 93."

A minute later, Dr. Jones was ushered into a small private sitting room, where he found Mr. William Roberts, whose acquaintance he had made the previous day. Mr. Roberts gave a palpable start as his visitor entered, but immediately assumed a vacant expression, and dropped his eyes on the book he was reading.

"You needn't wait," said Dr. Jones to the attendant, in a confident tone. "I want to have a little chat with my friend, here."

The man somewhat hesitatingly withdrew, while Mr. Roberts, manifestly ill at ease, stole a hurried glance at the doctor out of the corners of his eyes.

"Well, Mr. Roberts. You remember me, I suppose," said Doctor Jones, pleasantly, when they were alone.

Mr. Roberts grunted, without looking up.

"I see you do," replied his visitor, with increased affability. "But, really—as no one is in hearing—there is not the least occasion for playing comedy. Yesterday I did not interfere, because, it was, of course, desirable to deceive my colleague."

"I don't know you," said Mr. Roberts, glancing up at him, and turning sulkily aside.

"That is quite immaterial. The important fact is, that I know you, Mr. Anstruther Meadows," said Dr. Jones, in a low voice.

The moment his name was pronounced, the man turned as white as marble, and beads of perspiration burst upon his forehead. He cast a terrified glance at his visitor's calm, determined face, and apparently realized the uselessness of denying his identity.

"Are you a detective?" he gasped.

"My good sir, if you reflect you will remember that I am a doctor," remarked Dr. Jones, quite soothingly.

"Oh, yes; to be sure," said Meadows, recovering himself. "Well, how did you find me out?"

"I recognized you yesterday the moment I set eyes on you, notwithstanding that you have shaved your mustache and whiskers, and dyed your hair," said Dr. Jones, unblushingly. "You see I am not hostile to you."

"Thank God for that!" murmured the man.

"I suppose your design is to remain here until the hue and cry has died out, and then to quietly slip away when the police have given you up," said the doctor, smilingly.

"That was what Ainslie did," returned Meadows, mentioning another notorious rascal.

"Well, it is an excellent plan, no doubt. The police would never think of looking for you here," laughed Dr. Jones. "However, to come to the point. Of course, I have no wish to denounce you."

"That is your game, is it?" cried Meadows, with a fierce oath.

"Well, you see your secret is worth something," said the unwelcome visitor, in business-like tones. "I could get the reward of £500 by raising my finger. But I prefer—for my own sake, as well as yours—to make terms with you."

"I thought you were a gentleman," sneered Meadows.

"People used to think you were," said the doctor, quite unmoved. "But, after all, the title is an empty one."

"Hang you, then, name your price!" cried Meadows, after a pause. "Balmeyre has put you up to this; you are both in the swim."

"Dr. Balmeyre has betrayed no confidence," said Dr. Jones, pricking up his ears. "No one has any suspicion of my discovery."

"Well, I suppose I can rely on you?"

"Implicitly. If you give me my price I shall be in your power."

"Well, you are a cool hand, anyhow," said Meadows with a laugh. "But what you say is true enough. Come, what is it to be?"

Dr. Jones named his figure—an uncommonly stiff one, judging by the rage and indignation of Mr. Meadows. An angry argument then ensued, however ending, through the doctor's firmness, in his terms being agreed to. Meadows, accordingly, gave him a letter to an individual in the city, through whose agency, in a roundabout way, the requisite sum was to be paid.

"It is devilish hard lines that I should have to pay through the nose twice for coming to this infernal place," grumbled Meadows, at the conclusion of the interview. "However, as you declare Balmeyre did not put you up to it, I suppose it was an unlucky accident."

"Dr. Balmeyre has never breathed a word to me, or to anyone else," said Dr. Jones, solemnly. "Remember, he has his reputation to consider. My strong advice to you is not to frighten him by revealing what has passed to-day. This, for your own sake."

"And a little for yours, I dare say," laughed Meadows, who apparently, could not help admiring his visitor's coolness. "However, perhaps you are right. Mum is the word for all of us."

Dr. Jones did not pause to exult over the success of his maneuver. He went straight to the city in feverish haste, and never rested until the ransom paid by Meadows was safely lodged at his bank.

Then, having got rid of the friendly bailiff, and sent round checks to his most pressing creditors, he indulged in delightful self-congratulations, and revelled in the agreeable prospect of continuing his professional career with his debts paid, and a substantial sum standing to his credit.

"It only shows," he murmured complacently to himself, "that some people are destined to make fortunes, and others ain't. Look at that fool, Graves. He suspected the man was shamming when I didn't, and yet he never troubled his head to get to the bottom of the mystery. Graves will probably die a workhouse surgeon, when I shall be a baronet rolling in wealth. For, by Jove, there is more to be made out of this business! I'm not going to let Balmeyre off—these old foxes! I could ruin him if I liked; but I won't. I flatter myself I know a trick worth two of that! By Jove!" he added, energetically slapping his knee. "He has an only daughter, and he is as rich as Croesus. I'll keep his secret, but I'll be his son-in-law, or my name is not Clarence Jones!"—London Truth.

Arizona Cliff-Dwellers.

A Star reporter encountered at the depot the other evening, Deputy Sheriff Johnny Crowley, of Wilcox, Cochise County, who was en route to San Francisco. In conversation with the reporter, the deputy from Cochise referred to a recent pilgrimage he had made to the Rio Bonito country in pursuit of a band of cattle-thieves. He describes the country visited as being almost destitute of inhabitants, portions of it have never been invaded by white intruders except, perhaps, by desperate men whose crimes have driven them to seek the safety which this terra incognita grants. In one of the deep canyons of the Rio Bonito, perched upon one of its sides, some seventy or more feet from the river surface, Mr. Crowley discovered a number of deserted habitations of the prehistoric cliff-dwellers. From the bottom of the canyon looking up toward the cliff-houses a series of steps had been hewn or cut in the precipitous side of the granite wall by means of which the now extinct race were enabled to make their entry and exit to and from their places of abode. The houses consist of passages excavated in the wall, the external openings being large enough to admit the passage of a man in a stooping posture. Each house has only one room, ranging in size from ten to twenty feet square. The front of the dwellings, or that side which looks down upon the canyon, is about one foot in thickness, and is in all cases pierced with small orifices, which may have been designed for purposes of ventilation, or possibly used as port holes through which the inmates defended themselves from attack.

As in all probability the builders of these eerie habitations were unfamiliar with the use of the high explosives now in vogue, the means by which the herculean labor of making these excavations in a solid granite wall was accomplished becomes a question of much interest.

From Generation to Generation.

At first sight it appears incredible that an occurrence of 215 years ago could be reported with but one link between the person who tells you and the actual witness. Such, however, is the fact. The narrator in question was the venerable rector of Bushey, Rev. W. Falconer, just deceased at the age of 84. He had heard his grandfather, the celebrated Dr. Falconer of Bath, say that he had been told by his grandmother that she could remember being held up to the window to see Halley's comet, which appeared in 1689.

She was then six years old. Dr. Falconer, the intervener, was born in 1744 and died in 1824. Assuming him to have been at least six years of age when this story was told him, his grandmother must have been 90.

But the wonder might be increased, for if Dr. Falconer told the story in the last year of his life (1824) to a child of six years, it might be passed on to the next century with only one link between the witness and the narrator. Commenting on this an English editor says: "After all we are not so dependent on writing as we sometimes assume ourselves to be."

Fall Mail Budget.

There is a great deal said now—a days about the poor health of women.

Nearly all proprietary medicines, "kidney cures," "liver cures," "blood purifiers," and even the numerous cheap whiskeys, "bitters," and "tonics," expend much of their thunder on claims to value as remedies for "female weaknesses."

Often, too, a man is heard to say, "When I was a boy, my mother and all the other women whom I knew, used to do their own work, look after large families, and still seemed hale and hearty; but my wife's strength and nerve enough to boss a hired girl, and my daughters are grunting more than half the time."

"What is the matter with them?"

"O, I don't know just what, but some form of female weakness."

Physicians, and everybody else, seem, by common consent, to admit that the diseases known as "Female Weaknesses" are very prevalent, and are constantly increasing.

If all this talk is exaggeration, and a slander on the sex, it ought to be stopped. It is enough to frighten a man out of marrying.

If it is true, then why is it true? Every woman, especially every one who has the responsibility of raising daughters, ought to take it upon her to answer this question; but usually, when a woman undertakes to find the answer, she simply finds that she can't answer it, because she doesn't understand the subject.

The truth is, most women know too little about their bodies.

Nine-tenths of them can learn much that would be of value to them from the little book on "Woman's Nature," recently issued by the Zoa-Phora Medicine Co., of Kalamazoo, Mich. They issue a pamphlet for only 10c.

We wish that all women might find the cause and the cure, and that the time might come when allusions to such diseases might never occur, and when advertisements of remedies shall no longer be necessary.

WAS SHE FRIVOLOUS?

The Rev. Mr. Shaw contrasted greatly with his surroundings—his spotless cloth fitting so well his strong, manly figure; his clear cut, Grecian features, and dark, wavy hair, thrown back with careless grace from his smooth brow.

He was visiting one of those wretched tenement houses used by the very poor, and before him was a forlorn group.

A widow who had just buried her husband; she had five helpless children—the eldest six, the youngest a nursing baby, and a pair of twins among them. The rage, and, worse than all, the dirt of poverty everywhere apparent.

An expression of almost sublime pity rested on the countenance of the minister. The woman, with the apron thrown over her head, rocked herself to and fro, and wailed forth her troubles.

"I don't know what I'm-a-goin' to do for myself and the little 'uns. Though my old man would have his drink, he didn't beat us, and brought enough to us to keep body and soul together, but now I know we can't do nothin' but starve and die!"

"Have you no friends?" asked Mr. Shaw in a low voice.

"Some, but as bad or worse off than us. Yes," she said, looking up with a grateful, bright expression, "there is one—Lord bless her! who has done a lot for me—Miss Mehitabel Sanks. She sent medicine and the doctor to the old man, and giv me clothes and suthin' to eat; and many's the man, woman and child that blesses her for taking care of 'em. Why, sir, she even leaves little cards with stamps on 'em, and Job Potter who can write, sends 'em to her when we are in a very bad state."

After assuring her of his sympathy, and that he would do what he could for her, the minister wended his way home. As he thought of those to whom he might appeal, a vision of a bright face haunted him, but while he lingered over the thought most tenderly there was a shadow on his brow as if there was some slight jar that marred the harmony of his thoughts.

Mr. Shaw was the rector of one of the wealthy churches of the city, and Mabel Lee was one of the parishioners. Her face was Madonna-like in its tender curves and beauty, the large blue eyes with just a tinge of sadness, the perfect curve of the red lips, a faultless complexion, and blonde hair that was like a halo of light round the graceful head. But ah, when she talked it was like a damper, a mist on a beautiful picture, marring the tints that otherwise would have been perfect.

Bright and witty, but a butterfly; such a devotee to society that one longed for the expression of a single serious thought that could leave into something like common sense this personification of frivolity. With it all, however, she was lovely and lovable to every one, and Mr. Shaw had long struggled against an interest in her, the indulgence of which he felt would be fatal to his future happiness and usefulness.

Absorbed in these thoughts he found himself in front of Mr. Lee's house, and, obeying an impulse, he turned into the gate and was admitted.

As

